

To my Friend, Leio.

In consideration of her late bereavement these lines are affectionately addressed.

Calm on the breast of the fragrant earth,
Kissed by the lips of the smiling June,
Myriads of flowers are springing to birth,
Heralds of summer's beauty and bloom;
Warm in the light of the sun's pure rays,
Pillars of clouds by the soft breeze riven;
While in the glow of the beautiful days,
Hearts draw nearer and nearer to heaven.

Sad is thy heart and thy brow is pale,
And the beauty and bloom thou canst not see,
And the balmy breath of the flowerets frail,
Or the sweet bird song are naught to thee,
For over the tide on the other shore,
Safe in the bourn in the beautiful land,
Borne by the mystic boatman's oar,

Another hath joined the white-robed hand.

Beautiful earth with thy burden of joy;
Beautiful earth with thy burden of woe!
If with our pleasure there came no alloy
Could we the contrast of happiness know?
Were there no death, no parting or pain,
Were there no trials, no sighing or tears,
Why would we sigh heaven's rest to obtain,
Waiting and watching through long, weary
years.

Rouse from the trance that fetters thy soul,
Live for those who are living for thee,
What though the clouds o'er thy present may roll,
Sunshine will come, and the dawn thou shalt
see;

Take the sweet trust of the psalmist who said,
Even through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil. By Him art thou led;
He will ransom His loved ones by faith.

Into His arms of mercy and love,
Go with thy fatherless one so dear;
Hath He not promised to be thy God,
And the orphan's stay in the bitter hour?
Will He not gather thee, thinkest thou safe,
In His own good time on the heavenly shore,
Father and children, husband and wife,
Brother and sister, to part no more?

Then when thy spirit is stricken and lone,
And the path in the future is dark to thee,
Go in thy faith to the Father's throne,
Hath He not said, "Cast thy burden on Me,"
Count not the time—it will be but a day
Down the dim lapse of the far-reaching years
Ere thou shalt meet him, forever and aye
Freed from all suffering, sorrow and tears.

IZA HOWARD PETTIE.

STORY OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself anyone so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject."

The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife and said, "Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart—I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following episode.

"It is nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving-women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. Two windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger who awaited him; and after the sharp rattle of carriage-wheels had become an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor, struck 12, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, donned a robe de-chambre, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel-walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing, I was so oppressed with the deep still-

The Dead-Panter's Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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ness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to 'wake' who had been killed by an accident at the saw-mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes were fixed on the window-blind. I saw the slats move slow and softly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright, glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move—I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly-white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footstep came toward the door. "Merciful heaven!" I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, "the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key!"

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed my dear."

"I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe—a sort of gaberdine, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, the chin was over-grown with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast, the great blood vessel that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death, I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polyp, between which it was wedged as if in a vice; but I was called too late. The King and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

"He then began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in a preceptive tremor.

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"Indeed, indeed, madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savor whose services he secured fortunate ly in season."

"As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeing all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed into every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill—I would not trust my life to another; but doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to staunch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the ball, you will find everything you need for that purpose in that bureau."

"Ah! he continued reflectively, 'your husband may have mistaken tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising and bending over me.

"I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where, on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madame," he said to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession. "Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried:

"Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madame," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers, and taking the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very

child. I have no time to parley, for I received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation upon your breast; and before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where there was a long table covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth from some hidden recess in his gown, several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madame, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

"At this I gave a long sigh of relief, and prepared to arise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to the natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to the medical science and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again."

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Special Notice to Agents.

Our canvassing and collecting agents are each and all requested to forward, without delay, all money due us on account of subscriptions to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Hereafter agents will please send immediately all orders received for subscriptions to the JOURNAL, or renewals for the same, accompanied by the money due us, and the names of subscribers and their places of residence. By doing this will save much annoyance from subscribers, who have given their pledges and paid the cash. Some of them have written to ascertain why we have not commenced sending the paper to them. Promptness on the part of our agents will save much confusion and be much more satisfactory to subscribers.

The Central New York Institution.

We have received a copy of the second annual report and documents of the above named institution for deaf-mutes at Rome, N. Y., for the year ending Sept. 30, 1876. Under the management of its efficient principal, Edward B. Nelson, A. B., and his competent assistants, the school is well conducted, and the pupils are making good progress in their studies, but are still lacking the opportunity of trade learning for the boys. This institution, which was opened for the reception of pupils in March, 1875, and began operations with four pupils, has fast grown in popular favor. The whole number of pupils in attendance Sept. 30, 1875, was 55, and Sept. 30, 1876, the number was 83. The total receipts of money up to the date of the reports were \$21,953.52; total expenditures during the same period, \$21,407.07, leaving the balance of \$546.45 on hand Oct. 1, 1876. Of the whole number of pupils received, 49 were supported by the State of New York, and 37 by the counties from which they came.

At date of the reports four dwelling houses were occupied by the institution, conveniently near to each other, and all of them filled to their utmost capacity. The rent paid for the dwelling houses was \$1,650 a year, an item which could be saved if the institution owned its own building. A fine, large building site has been donated to the institution by Messrs. Benjamin N. Huntington, Edward Huntington, and John B. Jervis. The papers making the conveyance were duly recorded in the county clerk's office on the 24th of January, 1876. The stipulations are that to hold possession of the land it must be occupied within five years, and that it is not to be used for any but institution purposes at any time, and in case of a failure to comply in either case it reverts back to the donor. The trustees consider the donation, as it truly is, a magnificent one, and had the \$30,000 appropriation for the erection of the buildings succeeded, no doubt the needed structure would have been erected on the site during the present year. The building site is estimated at \$1,000 an acre or \$6,650 in all, at a low valuation. It is sincerely to be regretted that the institution failed to secure the \$30,000 item, as it is in great need of better accommodations, and probably no more favorable time than the present could be chosen for the erection of the buildings.

Let the friends of the Rome Institution take courage while they may reasonably hope that at the next session of our Legislature ample funds will be provided, and that another year shall see permanent and convenient buildings occupying the site which has already been given for them.

In that Bright Home.

Our little blossoms which we could keep for only six short weeks, died of inflammation of the bowels at about two o'clock Wednesday morning, the 13th inst., and the funeral services were conducted at our residence at 10 A. M., on the 15th by Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross, Rector of our Grace (Episcopal) Church.

From the first of his sickness medical skill and fond care availed nothing, and on the evening of the 12th, death apparently approaching, the ordinance of baptism was very kindly and impressively administered by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this village, Rev. Dr. Cross and Rev. Mr. Foster, Rector of St. James' Church, Pulaski, N. Y., both being absent from their homes.

The form was enclosed in a beautiful white casket, and garlands of fresh flow-

ers were entwined about the body. Sympathizing friends in considerable numbers met to pay the last tribute of respect to the little one whose spirit had taken its early flight to a bright home in the mansions above. The bearers were composed of four little boys. There was a partial interpretation of the services through the manual alphabet by Miss Eliza Emery, for the benefit of the few deaf mutes present. Dr. Cross addressed his remarks which were full of pathos and very cheering, to the hearing audience. The funeral anthem and the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians were read, prayer offered and a sermon of rare culture and sound reasoning preached from the subject of the general resurrection.

After the singing and formal closing of the services an opportunity was given for viewing the remains, after which the services were concluded at the village cemetery.

This is the fourth little cherub we have within a few years deposited in our cemetery grounds, and we feel deeply stricken with grief at the death of our little Henry, but we cheerfully submit to the chastening hand of a kind Providence, knowing that He does all for the best, and we feel assured that our dear little ones are brilliant stars in his kingdom.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The following item has been sent us without the name and date of the paper from which it was clipped:

JOHN TURNER, of Boston, rents Hadley's Maple Cottage in Proctor's Court, Swampscott.—Boston Sunday Herald, June 10, 1877.

DURING his recent stay in Pittsburgh, Dr. GALLAUDET was the guest of I. H. SHOENBERGER, the well known nail manufacturer and millionnaire.

THE PRIVATE SCHOOL for deaf-mutes in Pittsburgh kept by Miss WOODSIDE and her brother ARCH, has been discontinued. The West Pennsylvania Institution absorbed it.

PROF. LOGAN is principal of the institution at Turtle Creek, and reports fifty pupils in attendance. DR. GALLAUDET and REV. A. W. MANN, recently visited it in company with Mr. McCLELLAN.

R. H. ATWOOD, of Newburyport, Mass., says the ladies deserve great credit for the brilliant success of their late fair in behalf of the Industrial Home. Three cheers for the ladies.

REV. A. W. MANN hopes to be able to hold a morning and evening service in the chapel of St. James' Church, Chicago, on the first of July, the first at 10:30 A. M., and the latter at 3 P. M.

THE DEAF-MUTES of Providence and vicinity intend to have a clam bake picnic down the bay on the 10th of July. They have invited Prof. JOSEPH TURNER to accompany them, and he has accepted the invitation.

Nearly fifty deaf-mutes were in attendance at DR. GALLAUDET's afternoon service in St. John's Cincinnati, on the 17th inst. Quite a number of them were from Newport across the Ohio river from Cincinnati.

THOS. J. McCLELLAN, of Pittsburg, Pa., intended starting on the 20th of this month, for Mystic, Conn., where his daughter has been attending Whipple's private school for a year past. The vacation of this school begins on the 27th instant.

THE DEAF-MUTES of Cincinnati will hold a second annual picnic near the city on the seventh of July. All those who intend to join in the picnic are requested to meet in the Sunday school room of St. John's Church, corner Seventh and Plum Sts., between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M.

OVER twelve hundred inhabitants of York, Pa., recently signed the Murphy temperance pledge, and among them was a deaf mute by the name of G. E. KOHLER, who is supposed to be the first deaf-mute signer of the pledge in that town.

AS TRAIN NO. 3 on the Fort Wayne RR. due here at 9:30 on Saturday evening, was coming over Reading hill, the engine struck a deaf man named Ross, injuring him considerably. He was a farmer and lives about 9 miles distant, where he was sent by the station agent at Reading.

THE REV. L. G. BROWN, well known in Pittsburg for his work among deaf-mutes in time past, was present at DR. GALLAUDET's afternoon service in Trinity Church Chapel, and manifested much interest in the Church Mission. He is now one of the Board of Trustees of the West Pennsylvania Institution.

ONE of the life prisoners at the Columbus, O., penitentiary is a deaf-mute, named Davis, sent foruder a policeman in Cincinnati some three years ago. This Davis was a violent character, and commonly braced himself up for a fight with large quantities of whiskey. He is now where cold water is plenty and bad drinks scarce.

THE TIoga County Record speaks of GEORGE M. LUCAS, of Oswego, N. Y., as one of the best boot-makers in that place. He has worked at the business 49 years in the cities of Boston, Hartford, New York, etc. His work is serviceable and done in excellent taste. He can fit any deformed feet. Give him a trial.

LATE last night a deaf-mute by the name of JOHN SMITH was struck by a passing train near the Union Depot, and from the injuries received, he died towards morning. He carried a reference directed to W. BOYD GILMORE, Spruce Hill, Penn., and it was from this that his identity was established.—Cincinnati Enquirer, June 12, 1877.

AT CHRIST (Episcopal) CHURCH, OHIO, on the 14th inst., interesting religious services were held by Rev. DR. GALLAUDET and REV. A. W. MANN, in the presence of a fair audience, a considerable number of whom were deaf-mutes. DR. GALLAUDET spoke to the hearing portion of his work among the deaf and dumb. Rev. Mr. MANN said he was pleased to see so many deaf-mutes at the meeting, and related some of his experience as a worker for Christ among the deaf-mutes. As such services had not before been held in Dayton, the hearing people seemed interested and gratified at seeing part of the services rendered in sign-language. After the meeting closed, Mr. MANN told the deaf-mutes that he felt encouraged at the success of the meeting, and perhaps he would visit the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, hang to his chair, and trust in Providence.

—An exchange says:—When a man is treating a dashing young widow to ice cream and sees his wife coming into the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, hang to his chair, and trust in Providence.

—Get ready for the Town Picnic.

THE DAY before deaf-mutes at Galesburg, Ill., was brought to a close before the end of the regular term on account of whooping cough among the pupils, and there is to be three months' vacation. The teacher of the school, Miss HELEN DUNNING, is now at her father's home at Salisbury Centre, N. Y., where she will be pleased to see her former associates. She does not intend to return to Galesburg next term, but will, if possible, obtain a situation in some State institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

THE FRIENDS of Miss FIDELIA M. MORGAN, of Watertown, N. Y., will be pained to hear of the death of her dear, aged mother, which occurred in that city on the morning of the 23d inst. Miss MORGAN lost her father not long ago and now her last earthly parent, with whom she has lived since the advent of her life, is gone. Mrs. MORGAN was a very faithful and attentive mother to FIDELIA, and always a kind-hearted friend to the deaf-mutes. This maternal loss has inflicted a heavy blow on FIDELIA, and she has our sincere sympathy in her bereavement.

HIRAM L. BALL, our deaf-mute friend of this town recently met with a severe affliction—the death of his kind father, ORA BALL, a highly respected citizen and a long resident of this town, who died Friday, the 15th inst., of complicated diseases, prominent among which were rheumatism and kidney disease, as we are informed. Mr. Ball was a faithful husband, kind father, and had a large circle of relatives and friends who deeply mourn the loss of their companion. He was uniformly cheerful, although he had been a great sufferer for several years. Hiram has our sincere sympathy in his sad bereavement.

HENRY HARRINGTON, of Lowell, Mass., and a graduate of the New York Institution, has for the past two years suffered from partial paralysis.

Last August he had to quit work on account of his poor health, and weakness of the spine. He began working again in March last, but after continuing at it for about three months was advised to suspend labor through hot weather. He is now quite feeble, but able to get out in the air and enjoy some of the sunshine, and attends church services regularly. Mr. HARRINGTON can walk about, but with considerable difficulty; he seems, however, to be happy in enjoying part of life's comforts. It is hoped that he will eventually recover his strength and the free use of his limbs.

PROF. WM. L. BIRD, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., writes: We recently received a visit from a smart old man who did as much visiting in two days as would take an ordinary person four. Having been away for years, his eyes were open to the many changes in the city which had been made during the past thirty years unnoticed or almost forgotten by the residents, as change under their very eyes does not seem so much of a change after all. I saw him in Virginia six years ago, but he looked stronger and healthier when here, having apparently taken a fresh hold of life and obtained a new lease. New England has gained an interesting and zealous missionary for her deaf-mutes, while Virginia has lost a faithful teacher and friend of the deaf and dumb. I refer to Prof. JOSEPH TURNER.

WILLIAM ROSSMAN, a deaf-mute, left home in Livingston, Columbia Co., N. Y., last October, and went to Greensboro, Ga., to visit his brother through the winter. On the 18th of February he married a Southern lady who can both hear and speak and is very well educated. Her name is LUCY E. CUNNINGHAM, and they now live on her premises. Mr. ROSSMAN likes that part of the country very much, and has bought 256 acres of land at \$7.00 an acre, near the town.

The land is said to be very good, and cheap at the price. He has purchased an engine and built a cotton gin on the farm. Mr. ROSSMAN is evidently an enterprising deaf-mute, and worth a handsome property, and it is scarcely necessary to add that he has subscribed and paid for his paper—the JOURNAL.

THE DEAF-MUTES of Providence and vicinity intend to have a clam bake picnic down the bay on the 10th of July. They have invited Prof. JOSEPH TURNER to accompany them, and he has accepted the invitation.

Nearly fifty deaf-mutes were in attendance at DR. GALLAUDET's afternoon service in St. John's Cincinnati, on the 17th inst. Quite a number of them were from Newport across the Ohio river from Cincinnati.

THOS. J. McCLELLAN, of Pittsburg, Pa., intended starting on the 20th of this month, for Mystic, Conn., where his daughter has been attending Whipple's private school for a year past. The vacation of this school begins on the 27th instant.

THE DEAF-MUTES of Cincinnati will hold a second annual picnic near the city on the seventh of July. All those who intend to join in the picnic are requested to meet in the Sunday school room of St. John's Church, corner Seventh and Plum Sts., between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M.

SEVENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE EMPIRE STATE DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION IS ASSURED.

AMONG THE ATTRACTIOMS OF VALUE AND DEEP INTEREST WILL BE AN EXCURSION TO THE

WORLD-FAMED WATKINS GLEN,

THE NATURAL MARVELS OF WHICH

ARE

GRAND AND STUPENDOUS!

PROF. S. T. GREENE, B. A., OF THE ONTARIO DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION, BELLEVILLE, CANADA, OR HIS ALTERNATE, PROF. THOS. H. JEWELL, OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION, WILL DELIVER AN ORATION. PROGRAMME WILL BE PUBLISHED IN FULL DETAIL IN THE JOURNAL WITHIN A FEW DAYS.

H. C. RIDER, PRES'T.

F. L. SELINEY, SECY.

A TABLE, FOR THOSE WHO USE THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

SUNDAY, JULY 1ST.

THE PSALTER FOR THE 1ST DAY OF THE MONTH.

MORNING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—GENESIS XLIX.

2D LESSON—ACTS XV.

EVENING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—GENESIS L.

2D LESSON—HEBREWS X.

COLLECT, EPISTLE AND GOSPEL FOR THE

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SUNDAY, JULY 8TH.

THE PSALTER FOR THE 8TH DAY OF THE MONTH.

MORNING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—EXODUS III.

2D LESSON—ACTS XVI.

EVENING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—EXODUS V.

2D LESSON—HEBREWS XI.

COLLECT, EPISTLE AND GOSPEL FOR THE

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SUNDAY, JULY 15TH.

THE PSALTER FOR THE 15TH DAY OF THE MONTH.

MORNING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—EXODUS IV.

2D LESSON—ACTS VII.

EVENING PRAYER.

1ST LESSON—EXODUS VI.

2D LESSON—HEBREWS XII.

COLLECT, EPISTLE AND GOSPEL FOR THE

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Central New York Institution.

Sinks' Opera House, Rome, N. Y., was crowded, every available place being taken, on the occasion of the second annual exhibition exercises of this institution, June 15th. The programme embraced all the grades of educational exercises and those of pantomime, four in number, "Better in the morning," by Prof. Johnson; "A Psalm of Life," by Miss Grace Smith; "I would not live away," by Miss Ella Randall, and "The Watch on the Rhine," by Prof. Seliney, same as last year, repeated by request. George Schouten interested the audience and provoked their mirth by various natural pantomimic representations. The exercises closed with the rendering of the Lord's Prayer in concert by four little ones, two boys and two girls.

Quite a number attended from Utica, among them Mr. John Carlin, of New York, who is at present visiting friends in the vicinity. Mr. C. visited the institution on Saturday, but as school closed on Friday there was little to see except old friends, and the bustle preparatory to going home.

Vacation will begin on June 20th, but before that date almost everybody will be away. School commences Sept. 6th, with additional facilities and additional pupils.

C. S. M.

Our Marblehead Letter.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., June 11th, '77.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—You have already heard of the success of the fair gotten up by the deaf-mute ladies of this town for the benefit of the Industrial Home. I cannot but express a deep sense of gratitude to them for the amount they cleared and deposited in the hands of the trustees. May God bless them and all the works they intend to do hereafter.

Now they are contemplating a grand picnic to take place in August next, at the time of the meeting of the trustees. Due notice will be given inviting all deaf-mutes and their friends to be present to enjoy the occasion of the reunion and partake of some splendid clam chowder, &c., and to take rides in row boats and sailing craft upon the briny depths. This picnic will probably be held on Marblehead Neck—it being famous as a pleasant summer resort. It is hoped that all deaf-mutes in this vicinity, at least, will be prepared to attend it.

At the last meeting of the trustees a letter was received from Dr. Smith, of Petersboro, N. H., the executor of the will of Miss Morrison, and one of the trustees, signifying his desire to resign the latter office as his age and health prevented him from doing anything and he thought an energetic man should be put in his place who could do more good than he could. He was at least a warm friend of the Home project. Rev. James R. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., a Baptist missionary and a warm friend of deaf-mutes, who has a deaf-mute son, was appointed to fill the vacancy. I have sent you his letter of acceptance. It shows what kind of a man we have. I had the pleasure of meeting him once, and am glad we found such a good trustee to represent the State of Maine. He is well known throughout that State.

There have been rumors circulated that I employ drunken and unworthy agents to collect money for the Home and that I sent them to New Hampshire. Hence the article in the Manchester *Daily Union* cautioning the public not to trust some of them. I would say in reply that I never hire agents of doubtful character. I keep only two agents and their names are Samuel Hamilton and Wm. Bailey, who are faithful and reliable, strictly honest and temperate men. How the article came to be inserted in the *Union* is a mystery to me; but I expect to be in Manchester soon, and as the editor of said paper is an old friend of mine, I expect to learn who the drunken men were who collected money there.

SWETT.

Notes from the Far West.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps your readers may be interested in a few lines from the far West, which give personal accounts.

Prof. W. S. Smith, the ex-principal of the Oregon deaf-mute school has been suspended in accordance with the growth of a new political system, arising from the development of party organization, but with the satisfaction that he has become possessed of a small tract of land, and that will afford him a season of comfortable life. His wife's maiden name was Winkoop, and she graduated from the New York Institution. She has just inherited a moderate fortune and in the future they may buy another farm.

John H. La Rue, the assistant teacher of the school has resigned that position. He is very fond of farming life. He is unmarried. He once owned a considerable tract of land and he has just sold it for a good price. He is looking for a better farm.

John W. Bentley, the well-known shoemaker, was a student of the California Institution some years ago, and part of the time was under the instruction of Prof. W. S. Smith. He found it necessary to contract matrimony. He married a semi-mute lady named Dora Billings, both of whom are living in the southern part of the next county, and enjoy the comforts of life. They were presented with a good lot, and cultivate their orchard with care.

The school at the deaf and dumb institution has made slow progress. There were twenty-one pupils in attendance, but being permitted to have their vacation much earlier than usual they acquired but little progress. A new mute teacher of the Eastern States is expected to come in August to assume the duties

of assistant teacher. No doubt he will be welcomed among us as one of our best citizens. The institution needs the new speaking principal very much.

Perhaps in the future I may take a fishing excursion to the coast for the benefit of my health. If I go I shall bring back a fine collection of curious shells and other little curiosities.

J. D. B.

Salem, Or., May 31st, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Concord, N. H.,

CONCORD, N. H., June 11, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—A very nice time I have had since I wrote you last. I am now writing this in the study of the Right Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D., bishop of Maine, whose hospitality I am enjoying. I find his family very pleasant. Bishop Niles was in college with President Gallaudet of the National Deaf-mute College. I find him a very fine-looking gentleman. Mrs. Niles is a Hartford girl. She says she was schoolmate and playmate with the children of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. The Bishop is almost always away on his visitations. He recognized me as soon as he saw me in his house, because we went from Hartford to Providence after the funeral of Mrs. Gallaudet at the former city. He has given me license to conduct special services at home for about one year when I was a boy of 6 years old. The Home is very beautifully situated two miles and a half from Concord. A gentleman nine years ago presented it to Bishop Niles, of N. H., for that purpose. The matron is a nice lady, and her brother is Rev. Dr. Caster, Rector of the Chapel of the Savior, N. Y. city. She loves the deaf-mute girl so much, that she wishes to make her happy. I returned to Concord in time to take the cars for this place where I met my feet last Monday evening. I do not wish to leave here this morning without adding a few items to what I, the other day, wrote you about this place. Daniel Webster first studied law in this house. He was twelve years old when his father bought this farm. My aunt's husband bought it of him in 1857, and she disposed of it after her husband's death, because she had too many cares.

Yesterday I conducted three very pleasant services in this city, in which I felt myself at home. My silent listeners were nine in number. There was a large number of speaking people at my services. Yesterday afternoon I officiated at St. Paul's Church, which was well filled. I conduct services to both deaf-mutes and hearing audiences, as if I could hear and speak, which I find no difficulty in doing with the assistance of speaking interpreters. My plan is more successful than I thought it would be.

Permit me to furnish you with some incidents of my journey from Gray to this city. I left Gray for Portland with Mr. Hunt, early on the morning of the 31st ult., and conducted a religious service in St. Luke's Cathedral, with the assistance of Rev. W. C. Hayes, the chaplain, the same evening, Bishop Neely being absent in New York. The cathedral is a large edifice, and is the same church where Dr. Gallaudet officiated when the New England Deaf-mute Convention met in Portland. The cathedral was lighted with about 100 burners, and it was a beautiful sight.

I next officiated in Saco three times on Sunday, June 3d. I spoke in the chapel of the Unitarian church twice, and in Trinity Church in the evening. The church was well filled, and I conducted an Episcopal service with the assistance of the rector as interpreter, to great satisfaction. The deaf-mutes of Saco and Biddeford did all they could to make my stay pleasant, and I shall never forget the kind treatment which I received at their hands.

On the afternoon of the 2d inst., Mr. and Mrs. Page took me into the country to see three deaf-mutes. We had a nice ride of 26 miles. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cleam, who welcomed us heartily. Mr. Cleam subscribed for the JOURNAL, and once the particular friend of Daniel Webster. He has promised to send me one of his autographs. He is a very tall man, and is very smart for his age being 75 years old.

I am very thankful that I am well enough rested to labor in the vineyard of the Lord for a long time. I am about starting for Amherst, N. H., to be the guest of George Kent, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute angler. He writes that he is anticipating a visit from me with great pleasure, and that he does not wish to give up seeing me.

I met a very venerable doctor yesterday, who used to be Daniel Webster's family doctor. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and has a blind daughter 26 years old, who was educated at the South Boston Blind Institution.

I passed through Boscowen where Daniel Webster established his first law office.

Many kind receptions do I meet with during my mission work.

The house was insured in the Home of New York. This case is another illustration of the wisdom of insurance.

Mr. Hiram Limberlake, a graduate of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, died lately of apoplexy.

A. S. G.

Waterman, Ill., June 10th, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Daniel Webster's Farm Again.

FRANKLIN, N. H., June 13, '77.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—After I had mailed my Concord letter to you, I called at the Orphan Home of the Episcopal Diocese of this State, the matron of which received and entertained me very kindly. She brought me a bright little deaf-mute girl about 7 years old, who was too bashful to talk with me. She told me that the girl's father treated her very unkindly in Portsmouth, N. H., and that she was placed under her charge. She says she intends to adopt her as her own child, and is very anxious to send her to Hartford. She told me that she could not make her understand how to write. I advised her to teach her penmanship with a lead pencil for one year only, without giving her any lessons, and told her it was the best thing she could do. I know it by personal experience, because I practiced penmanship at home for about one year when I was a boy of 6 years old. The Home is very beautifully situated two miles and a half from Concord. A gentleman nine years ago presented it to Bishop Niles, of N. H., for that purpose. The matron is a nice lady, and her brother is Rev. Dr. Caster, Rector of the Chapel of the Savior, N. Y. city. She loves the deaf-mute girl so much, that she wishes to make her happy. I returned to Concord in time to take the cars for this place where I met my feet last Monday evening. I do not wish to leave here this morning without adding a few items to what I, the other day, wrote you about this place. Daniel Webster first studied law in this house. He was twelve years old when his father bought this farm. My aunt's husband bought it of him in 1857, and she disposed of it after her husband's death, because she had too many cares.

Yesterday, at sunset, my cousin, Mrs. Burleigh, and myself went to a rock about 50 feet high, from which we took a fine view of the farm. Daniel Webster wrote one of his famous letters to this rock, to which he often resorted to write and read. I am told that while he was visiting this farm in the summer of 1848, in a letter to his son, he exclaims,

"This is the most beautiful farm on the earth."

Yesterday afternoon we called on a venerable gentleman named Judge Nesmith, once the particular friend of Daniel Webster. He has promised to send me one of his autographs. He is a very tall man, and is very smart for his age being 75 years old.

I am very thankful that I am well enough rested to labor in the vineyard of the Lord for a long time. I am about starting for Amherst, N. H., to be the guest of George Kent, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute angler. He writes that he is anticipating a visit from me with great pleasure, and that he does not wish to give up seeing me.

I met a very venerable doctor yesterday, who used to be Daniel Webster's family doctor. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and has a blind daughter 26 years old, who was educated at the South Boston Blind Institution.

I passed through Boscowen where Daniel Webster established his first law office.

Many kind receptions do I meet with during my mission work.

I must bid you good morning.

Yours truly,

JOHN TURNER.

Letter from a Yankee Deaf-Mute.

FARMINGTON, Conn., June 14, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I take up my pen to write about deaf-mutes whom I have visited lately. I have been to Meriden, Wallingford and Southington, recently, and visited several deaf-mutes residing in those towns, and enjoyed my visit very much. Meantime I staid at Mr. E. Hough's house in Meriden, on Sunday, the 27th, and called on Peter Geisler, another deaf-mute, at his residence, by invitation.

I talked with those deaf-mutes and their families about the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, how Dr. Thos. Gallaudet works in behalf of the unfortunate deaf-mutes through the Union, and how I got along while I was an inmate of the "Home," (my name was printed in your paper of March, 1876), the condition of the "Home" and its work, and St. Ann's Church. These words I said were all pleasant and good.

On the 4th inst., I left Biddeford and turned my face towards West Henniker, to pay my respects to Mr. Thomas Brown, the deaf-mute Cincinnatus. I made two stops on my way, one at Lowell and the other in this city.

On the 6th inst. I found myself at Mr. Brown's where I enjoyed his company very much in spite of the heavy rain of two days.

I returned here last Saturday evening and was received by Bishop Niles' wife. I have had a very nice home with his family and am about starting for Franklin, to attend to very important business, which will no doubt help me very much in my mission.

Yours truly,
JOHN TURNER.

Struck by Lightning.

During the terrific thunderstorm on the morning of June 6, the large and handsome new residence of Mr. Luther Beal in the southwestern part of Sandwich, Ill., was struck by lightning and barely escaped total destruction. There was no one in the house but a deaf-mute named Mrs. Hiram Limberlake, who was found lying insensible on the floor. The house was struck on the cupola, and the current descended into the house and passed out on three sides, ripping off the siding, smashing windows, tearing off the plastering, and throwing the furniture into general confusion. Mr. Beal and his wife are absent visiting their son Rev. Elery Beal, at Prairie Center, but have telegraphed the sad calamity that has befallen their beautiful home.

The building is so badly shattered that it will take several hundred dollars to repair it.

It is a singular fact that half a dozen buildings in that vicinity, have been struck by lightning within the past two years. On Monday, May 29, 1876, about one year ago the dwelling house on the adjoining lot belonging to Mr. F. O. Limberlake, brother of Mrs. Beal, was struck, and Mrs. Limberlake, the catcher of the Amitys, was

going to get a place to board and work, as my folks cannot keep me at home without money to pay for my board. I have tried to get work in Hartford and other places many times, but failed because of dull times and other causes, and I feel discouraged. I can't live without employment. Who will help me? I wish some of the deaf-mutes would help me by getting some place for me to work in any shop factory or job printing office; or I would like to work on some farm to earn my board with some deaf-mute farmer, as I am advised to do for a while till I can obtain work in a shop. People of this town will not hire me.

INGOLPHLOIS * * BORTHALASSES.

Chicago Correspondence.

DEATH OF JAMES C. INNES.

From our own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 20, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—During the last six months the deaf-mute population of this city has received a large proportion of increase by the advent of mutes from other States. Some of the old residents have returned from their wanderings. Among the latest arrivals of new comers are Mr. Fred Clough, a gentlemanly looking mute from New York, and Mr. Lynch, of Wisconsin. One morning the latter from some unknown reason, like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently stole away"—into the desert of Sahara for all we know.

Mr. Ed. Kingon who has been traveling extensively down South, returned a short time ago, looking hale and hearty. He was warmly welcomed by his many friends.

There was considerable excitement among the pupils and citizens of this city over the fact that Mr. John A. McWhorter was removed from the office of Superintendent and the appointment of Major John Preston, the uncle of Gov. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, as the new Superintendent, and the re-election of Joseph H. Barnes and Mrs. Annie E. Barnes as the teachers, are attributed by many distinguished citizens directly to the powerful influences of the Vice-President with the new Administration. The appointment of Major Preston is, of course, becoming quite popular among the pupils, and the new management is very pleasant for them. The new Administrators decided to make the change to secure the utmost pleasantness for the pupils and citizens.

Prof. Williams of Wisconsin, who

has been to Springfield, Ill., returned to this city a short time ago. He is at present stopping with Mr. P. A. Emery.

He is a warm advocate of the interests of the mutes, and he has many friends among them. He is persistent in his efforts to remove the prejudice against deaf-mutes as a class that exists among

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER's for July begins with a capital article by Maurice Thompson on "Bow-Shooting." The other illustrated papers are R. W. Wright's "Richmond Since the War," Tourguenéff's powerful and characteristic sketch, "The Nobleman of the Stepe," David Gray's "Last Indian Council on the Genesee," Mrs. S. B. Herrick's "Depths of the Sea," and William Henry Bishop's "Battle of Bunkerloo." Mr. J. H. Beadle's paper on "The Mormon Theocracy" will surely be read, as it deserves to be for its timeliness and practicality. Among the other prose articles that might be noticed are Miss Stuart's "Anecdote" of Gilbert Stuart and Linda Wilcox's "Nether Side of Life Insurance." The editorial departments are very full and fresh.

The editors expect that "The Midsummer Holiday (August) Number" will surpass the attractions which made its predecessor of last year such a success.

ST. NICHOLAS for July has just the right kind of reading and pictures for lazy summer weather. It treats things specially belonging to July in a capital, fully illustrated paper on "Gunpowder," by an ex-officer of the U. S. Army; a lively account of how "The Peterkins celebrated the Fourth," by Lucretia P. Hale; a delightful description of "A Boy's Life on a Man-of-war," by a naval officer; and an entertaining article on "George the Third" by Noah Brooks.

Girls, boys, and older readers will enjoy the story of the heroism of "Nellie in the Light-House," and will find seasonable hints in Dr. Hunt's "Talk about Swimming" and a paper on Camping Out. Those three are suitably illustrated, the first with a frontispiece, by Champney, that almost speaks its meaning.

Mr. Trowbridge's serial story, "His Own Master," has four splendid long chapters with two pictures by C. S. Reinhart. There are other excellent contributions in art, prose, and verse, breathing the hope and smiling the sunshine of the season.

The first and only railway in China, the line from Shanghai to Woosung, recently built by English capitalists, turns out to be a great success. There is a regular traffic, and a rush for the cars at the stations. The nimble natives are particularly expert at getting inside the cars. The Chinese themselves have undertaken a line to run from Woosung to Soochow, and English capitalists are not indisposed to advance the funds on an enterprise which promises to pay. The railway having thus become incorporated with the new policy of the most conservative nation of the world, it is estimated that before many years English and American engineers, contractors and builders will be having something to do with the vast interior of the Chinese Empire.

The Little Ones.

You ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset the dear little feet patter round—to us—so aimlessly; climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still, twisting and turning, rolling, and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. One who does so may easily understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

Here and There.

Mrs. J. A. Shawson is quite sick.

Dr. and Mrs. George R. Metcalf are in town.

Lizzie V. Skinner has gone to Cazenvia, to visit friends.

Chloride of lime sprinkled on cellar floors will drive away snails.

Charles R. Skinner, of Watertown, was in town last week.

Becker Bros. have put up a very nice awning in front of their store.

Sandy Creek has one hundred signers to the temperance reform pledge.

Miss Jennie Whitney, of Oswego, is visiting at L. F. Alfred's in this village.

Hon. C. Ames has been appointed postmaster of Oswego, vice J. A. Place.

There will be no services in the Universalist church, on Sunday, June 24th.

It is intended to remodel and beautify the Sandy Creek Congregational church.

Sheds are being built for the accommodation of teams, behind the Universalist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ballard returned from their Western trip last Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Mead is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bushnell, in this village.

Miss Gertie R. Stone, who has been attending school at Packer Institute, came home last Saturday.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Simon Parkhurst, who has been ill for some time, is improving in health.

It is said that Tom Sayles is the happiest man in Mexico—because he is now the father of a bouncing boy.

Mrs. Wickwire, of this village, is 33 years old, and is still Hale and hearty. She has eaten no butter for 30 years.

A Remarkable Family Gathering in this Village.

JUNE 12th, 1877, was a notable day in the calendar of the Webb family. For the first time since the original breaking up began—through marriage taking from beneath the parental roof the elder members of the family—were the children of Loring Webb all gathered in one place, and the original circle, unbroken by death, re-formed.

The house of Charles L. Webb, so many years the gentlemanly agent at our railroad station, was the place of reunion. Here were present nine brothers and sisters, whose names and ages are as follows: William S. Webb, of Mexico, aged 30; Thomas, of Colosse, aged 78; Nehemiah, of Mexico, aged 76; Morgan Lewis Webb, of Cortland, N. Y., aged 74; Henry, of Mexico, aged 72; Mrs. Susan Webb Frisbie, of Sandusky, O., aged 69; Mrs. Mary Webb Whitney, aged 67, widow of the late Hon. Orville H. Whitney, of Mexico, and now residing at Cortland, N. Y.; Charles L. Webb, aged 61, the host upon this occasion; and Edward D. Webb, of Corlant, aged 59.

What an aggregate of human life and experience! Six hundred and thirty-six years represented in the persons of one family, the children of one father and one mother! Nine brothers and sisters whose average age has already passed the boundaries of "three score years and ten"!!

[The deceased was a very estimable lady and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband.—ED.]

Obituary.

PARISH, June 16, 1877.

DIED—in this town, June 14, 1877, of cancer and paralysis, Amanda, wife of Edwin Palmer, aged 52 years. For eleven years past, she has been an invalid. The last week of her life she suffered intensely. Chloroform and opium would hardly quiet her. She had long expected death and was prepared for the messenger, and her family expected it, for her physician indulged in no hopes of her recovery.

Her life from her youth up to the time of her death was that of practice rather than profession. It was her aim to benefit humanity by alleviating the distressed and comforting the afflicted. A short time before her death, she said, "I am glad I am failing; I am glad I am going." Life she enjoyed as well as most people, but a higher life she preferred. She was a person recognized by her neighbors as possessing an excellent mind and also more than ordinary intelligence.

Her funeral was held at her late residence, yesterday, (Friday) and speakers of her own choice, Warren Woolson and A. H. Morse, addressed the congregation. They spoke of her triumphant death and of her entering her heavenly home.

[The deceased was a very estimable lady and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband.—ED.]

PALERMO.

We are having one of the finest seasons thus far that could be desired. June is the pearl of the year, the month of flowers, of leaves, and of grasses, and now the latter are in full perfection, and charm us with their lovely emerald hues. The emblem of June is a wreath of varied grasses in flower, surrounding a cluster of strawberries. "Now is the new wine of the year," and every sentient thing rejoices in the bright sun, the pure air, the fleecy clouds and the gorgeously tinted sunsets.

The funeral services of Mrs. Guy P. Loomis were largely attended at the Baptist church, yesterday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. J. H. McGahan, of Mexico.

Mrs. Loomis had been a resident of this town for fifty years.

We see but few comparatively who walked our streets forty years ago, and they, like venerable bounds or ancient landmarks indicate the rude hand of Time, while we read the unmistakable language of dimmed eyes, furrowed brows, frosty locks and wrinkled faces, reminding us that here we have no abiding home or "continuing city," for we are all in the great procession that leaves the sunny, bustling hill-top of life to descend into the shaded valley and silence of the tomb.

YU. NO.

Palermo, June 18, 1877.

Briars and Grapes.

"OH, HOW FULL OF BRIARS IS THIS WORKING DAY WORLD!" [As You Like It.]

Yes! and they do so scratch and tear things, as one works his way along, that it takes almost a mint of money to keep respectably clothed. Happily for Syrians, they have Kent & Miller.

THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, who have crowded down the Prices so low, and crowded up the Quality so high, that it is a great pleasure to buy Ready-Made Clothing there as to feast on grapes. Their

BLUE FLANNEL SUITS

are unequalled, and it requires the utmost exertion of their full complement of work people to keep up with the demand.

WHITE VESTS

are offered in great variety of Pleasing Styles, in Marseilles, Linen, and Duck, of beautiful patterns as well as plain.

DUSTERS

of Linen, and Alpaca Goods, best quality, are indispensable to the comfort of travelers.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

in Light Goods, substantially made, not for mere looks but to wear, can be obtained at the Lowest Cash Prices.

EVERYBODY CAN BE SUITED.

at KENT & MILLER'S, 18 and 20 South Salina St., Syracuse.

AT THE TIME TO PURCHASE.

I will sell for the next 30 days Men's and Boy's Shoes, and Women's and Misses' Walking Shoes, regardless of cost, for cash. Also Men's Calf Boots, \$2.75. Now is the time get good, cheap boots and shoes. Call and see them and you will be sure to buy.

S. PARKHURST,
Opposite the Post Office.
Mexico, June 18, 1877. 34-4

Real Estate Sales.

Ferdinand T. Rhode to John F. Slocom, land in West Monroe, \$1,500, May, 1877.

Samuel Babcock to Jaquette Palmer, land in Albion, \$500. April, 1877.

Mary E. Sanders to Alanson M. May, land in New Haven, \$500. August, 1869.

Daniel M. Druce to Willis C. Johnson, land in New Haven, \$75.50. June, 1877.

Sarah J. Herm to Mary M. Hulbert, land in Hastings, \$50. May, 1877.

Ann L. Farmer to Charles Haines, land in Redfield, \$400. Jan., 1877.

Edward D. Edick to Willard T. Seymour, land in Parish, \$1,100. January, 1877.

William H. James to Richard R. Jones, land in Richland, \$1,000. January, 1869.

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More improvement are being made around the village.

[From the Rondout Freeman.]

Sowing and Reaping.

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aged 72;

Mrs. Susan Webb Frisbie,

of Sandusky, O.,

aged 69;

Mrs. Mary Webb Whitney,

aged 67,

widow of the late Hon.

Orville H. Whitney,

of Mexico,

and now residing

at Cortland, N. Y.,

aged 59.

W. NO.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give sub-

scribers their

choice articles

of reading material suitable to the wants of our

class of people.

Domestic news paragraphs will

be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have

special and continued attention.

We count

much on the aid of our friends and readers to

keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsworthy paragraphs.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the

Deaf and Dumb; has

Widest Circulation and the

Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe.

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